

“ O V E R T H E R E ”

“Our line moves on like a shadow
Pushing its way through the wreck,
Each man in his place, rain in his face
An’ streaming cold down his neck.

“Silent and grave, moyin’ forward,
Each havin’ thoughts all his own,
As we tramp the path o’ the War Lord’s wrath
Where the fires o’ hell are blown.

“Dreamin’ o’ home and the old folks,
An’ the fields o’ yellow grain,
An’ the old rock spring, an’ everything—
Bound for the trenches again.”

—SERGEANT FAIR, in “Stars and Stripes.”

We arrived in Verdun November 3, and spent three days in the famous barracks in Pavé, a suburb of Verdun. A visit to Verdun, now a veritable mass of ruins, which was the objective of the greatest battle of the World War, and which successfully repulsed the most formidable attack of the war, is in itself worth a trip across the Atlantic. Verdun, with its marvelous system of inner and outer forts, and its underground city and tunnels, is the most strongly fortified city in the world, and is capable of withstanding a siege of years. After realizing what we had seen in this most interesting and world-famed city we felt repaid, in a measure at least, for the hardships of our march.